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THE TRAGICAL BALLAD OF THE Miller of Whittingham Mill:

OR, A

Warning to all young Men and Maidens.

GLASGOW,
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The MILLER of WHITTINGHAM MILL.

YOUNG men and maidens all give ear,
to what I now relate;
O mark you well, and you ſhall hear
of my unhappy fate.

My tender parents brought me up,
provided for my weel;
And in the town of Whittingham,
did place me in a mill.

By chance I met an Oxford laſs,
I caſt a wanton eye;
And promis'd I would marry her,
if ſhe would with me lie.

But to the world I do declare,
with ſorrow, grief, and woe;
This folly brought us in a ſnare,
and wrought our overthrow.

This damſel came to me, and ſaid,
by you I am with child;
I hope dear John you'll marry me,
for you have me defil'd.

Soon after that her mother came,
as you ſhall underſtand,
And oftentimes perſuaded me,
to marry out of hand.

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And thus perplexed every day,
I could no comfort find;
To make away this creature then,
my wicked heart inclin'd.

About a month ſince Chriſtmas laſt,
O curſed be the day!
The devil then did me perſuade,
to take her life away.

I call'd her from her ſiſter's houſe,
at eight o'clock at night;
Poor creature ſhe did little dread
I bore her any ſpite.

I told her if ſhe'd walk with me,
in the fields a little way,
We both together would agree,
and fix our wedding day.

Thus I deluded her along
unto a private place;
Then pull'd a ſtab out of the hedge,
and ſtruck her on the face.

Then ſhe fell on her bended knees,
and did for mercy cry,——
For Heaven's ſake don't murder me,
I am not fit to die.

Yet I on her no pity had.
but wounded her full ſore,
Until that life I took away
which I could ne'er reſtore.

With many heavy ſhrieks and groans,
ſhe did reſign her breath,
And in this way moſt barbarous,
I put my love to death.

And then I took her by the hair,
to cover the foul ſin,
And dragg'd her to a river ſide,
her body threw therein.

Thus in the blood of innocence,
my hands were deeply dy'd,
And ſtained with her purple gore,
who ſhould have been my bride.

Then home unto my mill I run,
but ſorely was amaz'd;
My man he thought I'd miſchief done,
and ſtrangely on me gaz'd.

O what's the matter! then he cry'd,
you look as pale as death;
What makes you ſhake and tremble ſo,
as though you loſt your breath?

How came you by that blood upon
your trembling hands and clothes?
I quickly then reply'd to him,
by bleeding at my noſe.

I wiſhfully upon him look'd,
but very little ſaid,
And ſnatch'd the candle from his hand,
and ſtraight went to my bed.

Where I lay trembling all the night,
for I could take no reſt,——
Thought perfect flames of hell did flaſh
within my guilty breaſt.

Next day the damſel being miſs'd,
and no where to be found;
Then I was apprehended ſoon,
and to the aſſizes bound.

Her ſiſter did againſt me ſwear,
ſhe reaſon had no doubt,
That I had made away with her,
becauſe I call'd her out.

But Satan ſtill did me perſuade,
I ſtifly ſhould deny;
Quoth he, There is no witneſs can
againſt thee teſtify.

But when her mother ſhe did cry,
I cunningly did ſay,
On purpoſe for to frighten me,
ſhe ſent her child away.

I publiſh'd in the news-papers,
my wretchedneſs to blind,
Two guineas any one ſhould have,
that could this damſel find.

But Heaven had a watchful eye,
and brought it ſo about,
That though I ſtifly did deny,
the murder ſhould come out.

The very day before the aſſize,
her body it was found,
Floating before her brother's door,
at the Hills-ferry town.

A ſecond time then I was ſeiz'd,
to Oxford brought with ſpeed;
And there examined again
about this bloody deed.

The Coroner and Jury both
together did agree,
That this damſel was murdered,
and made away by me.

The Juſtice then beheld my guilt,
no longer would take bail,
But the next morning I was brought
away to Readding jail.

When I was brought before the Judge,
my man did teſtify,
That blood upon my hands and clothes,
he did that night eſpy.

The Juſtice told the Jury then,
the circumſtance was plain;
Look on the priſoner at the bar,
he hath this damſel ſlain.

About the murder at the firſt,
the Jury did divide;
But when they brought the verdict in,
all of them guilty cry'd.

The Jailor took and bound me ſtraight,
as ſoon as I was caſt;
He carried me to priſon ſtrong,
and there did lay me faſt.

With fetters ſtrong then I was bound,
and ſhin-bolted was I;
Yet I the murder wou'd not own,
but did it ſtill deny.

My Father then on me prevail'd;
my kindred then likewiſe,
To own the murder, which I did
to them with watry eyes.

My Father then he did me blame,
ſaying, My Son, O! why
Haſt thou thus brought thyſelf to ſhame,
and all thy family?

Father, I own the crime I did,
I guilty am indeed;
The cruel act I muſt confeſs,
does make my heart to bleed.

The worſt of deaths I do deſerve,
my crime it is ſo baſe;
For I no mercy ſhow'd to her,——
moſt wretched is my caſe.

Young men be warned by my fall;
all filthy luſts defy;
By giving way to wickedneſs,
alas! this day I die!

The ruin of innocence let ne'er,
like mine, your ſtudy be;
But when that Satan prompts you ſore,
from his ſuggeſtions flee.

Likewiſe young women all take care,
how you your charms do yield,
By doing ſo too ſoon, you loſe
your virtue and your ſhield.

When men do tempt you to this guilt,
remember with a ſigh,
That horrid and moſt barb'rous crime,
for which I now muſt die.

May I have grace while here I ſtay,
that I may now repent,
Before I from this wicked world,
moſt ſhamefully am ſent.

My pardon for the bloody deed,
for which I'm doom'd to death,
And let my tears flow faſt therefore,
ere I reſign my breath.

O waſh my crimſon ſins away,
which have been manifold,
Have mercy upon me, I pray,
and ſo receive my ſoul.

FINIS.

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